THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852. | WHOLE NO. 1606.

Choice Poetry.

THY WILL BE DONE.

[We find the following beautiful and reverential lines going the rounds, credited to the New York Evangelist. They seem to refer to some sudden and wide-spread bereavement, like that which took place not long since, in a school-house of our sister city:]

Oh, Lord our God! in awe and fear before Thee
We bow our faces silent in the dust;
Yet in our awe still more will we adore Thee,
And greater than our fear shall be our trust.
Thou art so high, the darkest cloud earth giveth
Melts far beneath Thy throne serene and clear—
So holy, that Thy throne no stain receiveth
From all the evil Thou permittest here.

So let Thy will be done, we still will pray Thee!
Do what Thou wilt, it shall not shake our faith;
Ask what Thou wilt, we gladly will obey Thee;
Lead where Thou wilt, we follow even to death!
And if Thou takest from us, oh, our Father,
In one sad moment what we love the best,
We will not doubt or murmur, nay, but rather
Will hide our weeping faces in Thy breast!

Yet we are sorely stricken! Fair young faces,
Which but this morning looked on us and smiled,
Bright forms of youth have vanished from their places,
And many a Rachel mourneth for her child!
The joy of many a heart is turned to sorrow,
The light of many a home is set in gloom:
Our arms this morning, and the grave to-morrow,
For our sweet children in their joy and bloom!

Yet, Lord, we know that this was by Thy willing—
They were Thine own, the children of Thy love:
It is Thy will—though tears our eyes are filling,
We still look through them to Thy throne above.
Oh, not with less of pain to Him who gave them
Could we resign, had we but heard the call;
Nay, with the longing death's brief pang to save them,
The mother's heart had more than borne it all.

They had brief time for agony or longing,
Painless as in their mothers' arms they lay,
Sank quick to rest, and their bright angels thronging,
Bore them in triumph from life's ills away.
Oh, it was better thus! Their latest vision
To our fond eyes was full of joy and bloom;
And they came back to us, oh, great transition!
Heaven's seal upon them—peaceful for the tomb.

And so death's work was done—far better for them,
Than had they lingered on the couch of pain;
Better for us, than if our fond eyes saw them,
Longing to help and save, yet all in vain.
Yet, Lord, if too presumptuous we have striven
To render clearer Thy mysterious ways,
Let both the doubt and answer be forgiven,
We would do nothing but submit and praise!

Original Novelet.

VIOLA: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT, AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "PIONEER'S DAUGHTER," "FOREST ROSE," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DU PONT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

D'ESTANG VILLA.

It was a beautiful morning, toward the close of September, that our eyes were first greeted with a view of D'Estang Villa; and never had I beheld a combination of nature and art so superbly charming, so supremely enchanting.—From our point of observation, a very slight eminence, we saw a large, angular mansion, with its porticoes, piazzas, colonnades, balconies, turrets, roofs, and chimneys, lifting itself above a level landscape, in the centre of a charming grove, and surrounded also by vines, and flowers, and arbors, and statues, and sparkling fountains, and winding walks, that led from sunshine to shade, and from shade into darker recesses, which, from where we were, our gaze could not penetrate. The mansion itself stood back from the road some quarter of a mile, and could be approached, in a direct line, along a bowery footway, lined with statuary, and banked with the rarest, brightest and sweetest of flowers, whose perfume regaled the olfactory sense almost to satiety, and where all the externals, including the gay plumed warblers fluttering and singing among the green branches overhead, made it seem enchanted ground—or it could be approached by a carriage road, scarcely less delightful, which made a circuit from one gate of the front enclosure to the other, a distance of nearly a mile. In the rear of the mansion was a group of picturesque outbuildings, in the same fancy style of architecture, half embowered in a level park, that stretched far, far away, reminding me of the world-renowned Elysian Fields. No description can do justice to the scene, as it burst upon our view under the rich light of a morning sun shining through a [illegible]phere of cerulean blue; and I must leave the reader to fill out the picture with all he can imagine of the beautiful, assuring him he is more likely to fall short of, than to exceed, the reality.

For ten minutes, to say the least, we stood and gazed upon the bright landscape before us, without speaking; and then turning to me,

"What poet could dream of more?" sighed Harley: "it ravishes the sight; and, oh! to think that yonder lovely retreat is the present abode of an angel and a devil!"

"Had Eden been more than this, methinks our first parents could not have survived the loss," returned I.

"With that and Viola, my Heaven would begin on earth," said Harley.

"With that and Clara, amen!" thought I.

"Come," pursued Harley, "while we stand idly here, we accomplish nothing. You know my plan—so let us forward."

"I fear you will find it less easy to execute than you thought," I rejoined; "but I am yours to command."

As we were about to descend to the road, which ran along before us at the distance of a hundred yards or so, our attention was arrested by the appearance of a horseman, who suddenly emerged from among the trees near the mansion, and advanced along the gravelled path toward one of the gates at an easy canter. We stopped to note his movements, and as he drew nearer,

"How is it, Harry—do my eyes deceive me—or is that D'Estang himself?" said Harley.

"I would not be positive at this distance," I replied; "but I think it is the Count."

"If it is he, and he about to leave, in so much are we fortunate," replied my friend.

The horseman rode down to the gate, and after passing a few words with the porter, who gave him exit, he dashed away, and soon was out of sight.

"Come, Harry, now is our time."

We took a short circuit, and came round to the gate through which the horseman had passed, with our boxes slung under our arms, in the most approved mode of pedestrian itinerancy. As to Tom, by-the-way, we had thought it advisable to leave him behind us at our last stopping place.

A strong wall of masonry, about ten feet in height, enclosed the grounds of D'Estang Villa on every side; and this wall, where it fronted on the road, had three gates, with a porter's lodge and tower to each, in which as regular a watch was kept as if it were a fortified place. Without permission of some one of these sentries, therefore, no one could enter or leave the grounds; and to get this permit, as mere strolling pedlars, we feared might be no easy matter.

"Money is the Archimedean lever of the present century," said Harley, as we discussed the matter on our way thither; "and with a foothold by yon gate, we will test its power."

The porter, Harley at once perceived was a Frenchman; and he addressed him very politely, asking permission for us to enter and offer our wares for sale to such as we might find within, either lord or dependant.

"His lordship has just ridden away," replied the man, "and it is against the rules to admit strangers during his absence."

"How long will his lordship be away?" inquired my friend.

"Till to-morrow morning, doubtless."

"Well, can you not give us a chance to turn an honest penny?"

"I would like to oblige—but—"

"Here," interrupted Harley, reaching a gold coin through the wicket—"say no more, my good fellow, but let us pass."

The man hesitated, looked at the coin wistfully, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and finally said, as his fingers closed upon it:

"Well, to oblige you, I will let you in; but do not stay too long—for should his lordship return and find you here, I fear it would be the worse for all of us."

"Oh, we will not remain longer than is necessary for our purpose," replied Harley, blandly, as we passed through the gate, and set off for the mansion. "How fortunate for us," he added to me, when out of ear-shot of the porter, "that the Count is away! Ah! Harry—fate! fate! it favors us still."

"But should the Count unexpectedly return?" I suggested.

"Ah! should he, Harry—should he—there is no telling what might be the consequences. But we will hope for the best, Harry, and we must improve our time. If Viola is within that mansion, I must see her; and oh! the very thought of accomplishing my purpose, makes me tremble! I feel we are playing a bold, desperate game—but then look at the stakes! If I win, happiness and life—if I lose, misery and perchance death. Harry, (and Harley grasped my hand), you will stand by me, let what will happen?"

"To the death, Morton."

His fingers closed upon mine like a vice.

"Thank you! thank you!" he said, hurriedly, brushing away a tear. "You are indeed a true friend, and I bless the hour that brought us together. I may be compelled to try you to the full extent of your generous offer—though I hope not—I pray not. Oh! Harry, you do not know my feelings at this moment—you cannot realize the awful conflict going on in my breast, between hope and fear. But I must see Viola; and if beneath yonder roof I will, or they shall bear me hence a corpse. Fail? fail? oh! I must not fail!—we must not fail, Harry! —oh, great Heaven grant we do not fail!"

Under any other circumstances, we could not have passed through those beautiful grounds, without stopping to admire the green, shady, cooling groves—the bright beds of flowers—the pellucid fountains, sending up jets of silver in the sunshine—the life-like statuary—and the natural melody of a thousand feathered warblers—the whole forming a scene of beauty and enchantment rivalled only by the magnificent homes of foreign nobility; but now we had other matters to occupy our thoughts, and we only paid them the tribute of a passing glance.

At length we reached a vine-covered portico, and beheld, through the open door, a lofty, magnificent hall, hung round with paintings, and furnished in a manner at once unique, sombre, and grand. Harley rang the bell; and immediately a French porter appeared, dressed in livery, who, with an air of surprise, eyed us from head to foot.

"We have called to show the lady of this beautiful mansion some very fine jewelry," said Harley, tapping his box, and touching his hat with an air of respect.

"How do you know there is a lady to show your wares to?" returned the man, with a self-important air.

"Oh, I take it for granted that such a palace as this is not without its queen. Come, come—do not be too hard on us poor fellows; we must live, you know, as well as others. There, now, I see a kindly look in your handsome face, and I know you will procure us an interview with your mistress."

"You are out there, my jolly tinkers," replied the man, good-humoredly, for he was very susceptible of flattery. "You are out there, now, about my mistress."

"How so?"

"Because I have none."

"Ha! no mistress?"

"Not yet."

"Not yet! Ah! that implies you are about to have."

"Well, one cannot say what may happen in that way, with a good-looking master."

"Very true. So, then, there is no lady within the mansion?"

"I didn't say that," replied the porter, with a peculiar smile, that made the heart of Harley beat violently—though he mastered himself, so as outwardly to appear [illegible] indifferent: "I didn't say there was no lady within; I only said I had no mistress."

"Yes, I see! good joke! capital! ha, ha, ha!" rejoined Harley, affecting to perceive no small amount of wit in the other's remark, which tended not a little to increase the man's favorable opinion of ourselves. "Well, come, now," pursued Harley, "can you not procure us an interview with this lady?—doubtless she would like something in our line."

"Rather difficult to do, I'm afraid," answered the other.

"Oh, give me you for difficult undertakings—especially when a lady is concerned—I can see it in your eye," laughed Harley. "Come, try now, my good fellow, and here is a trifle to compensate you for your trouble;" and my friend slipped a half-dollar into the porter's hand.

"I see you understand your business," smiled the other. "Well, I will do my best for you. I will see Mistress Anne, who has charge of the lady. Walk in, and amuse yourselves with the paintings and curiosities here, if you like, till I return."

"Thank you! we will do so," returned Harley; and the porter departed, leaving us to ourselves.

Under different circumstances, we might have spent a day, agreeably, in gazing upon the works of art which that magnificent hall contained; but now we scarcely bestowed upon them a single glance.

"Do you think the lady in question is Viola?" I whispered.

"My heart tells me so," was the reply.

After a painful suspense of some five or ten minutes, the porter reappeared.

"Well?" said Harley.

"I saw Mistress Anne—but she is in a bad humor, and I could do nothing with her," replied the porter.

"What did she say?"

"Why," answered the other, hesitating, "when I told her your business, she said—" but you mustn't get offended now!"

"Go on!"

"Why, she said the young lady was not a going to be disturbed with any such strolling vagabonds as pedlars."

"Umph! she is complimentary, certainly," said Harley. "So the lady herself is young, eh?"

"Yes, and so beautiful!"

"And had she nothing to say in the matter?"

"I didn't see her; we are not allowed: all business with her must pass through Mistress Anne."

"Ah, indeed! Well, and who is this lady you speak of that is so beautiful—what is her name?" inquired my friend, carelessly.

"Why, that's more than I can say," answered the porter, looking round him mysteriously; "though I have heard," he added, in a low tone, "that she is soon to become the wife of his lordship."

"Aha! so-so! How long has she been here?"

"Only two or three days; but not a word of this to any one, or I may lose my ears."

"Ha! it is a secret, then?"

"Yes, my lord wouldn't have it known; in fact, he don't like to have anything concerning any of his affairs known; very secret in every thing is his lordship."

"Did the lady come here by herself?"

"Oh, no; her father came with her, I believe."

"Is he here now?"

"Can't say—have never seen him but twice, and the last time was the day after they arrived."

"But you have seen the lady?"

"Once—only once. I stood in the hall as she passed through, leaning on a strange gentleman's arm, that I've since heard was her father. Her veil was a little aside, and I had a glimpse of her face."

"And have you only seen her that once?"

"Only that once."

"How is that?"

"She doesn't leave her apartments, and we gentlemen are not allowed to enter there."

"She is not a prisoner?"

"I don't know," said the porter, again looking cautiously round; "but some of us think that may-be she's refractory, and that his lordship is taming her."

"Oho! I see!" returned Harley, with a significant smile. "Well, I wish we could see her—perhaps we could prevail upon her to trade with us—she may like our wares to amuse herself with."

"Well, the thing can't be done without the consent of Mistress Anne, and that I'm satisfied I can't obtain."

"And could we not see Mistress Anne, whoever she is?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well," said Harley, slipping another silver coin into the hand of the porter,—"pray procure us an interview with Mistress Anne."

"Follow me, then," returned the latter.

He led the way to a broad flight of winding stairs, which we ascended to the second story, when, turning to the right, we entered a narrow corridor, which meandered through the mansion, and conducted us to a sort of tower, which was connected with the main building by a narrow bridge that passed over a portion of an inner court. This tower, as for convenience I shall term it, stood in the centre of a grass-plot—which was itself completely surrounded by the main buildings of the Villa—and could only be entered, apparently, by means of the bridge, which could be raised by machinery at the pleasure of the owner—so that a person confined therein, could be made almost as safe a prisoner as in the castle-towers of the olden time. I say this tower could only *apparently* be entered and left by the bridge in question—for there was in reality a secret passage under ground, which I shall have occasion to refer to hereafter. There were no windows in this tower below the second story; and these, and those of the third story—for it was three stories in height—were long and narrow, resembling those I have seen in a State's prison.

After crossing the draw-bridge, we entered a circular apartment, furnished in a style of magnificence I have seldom seen equalled. A rich Turkey carpet covered the floor, on which stood sofas, ottomans, and centre-tables, loaded with books and shells, and the walls were adorned with full-length mirrors and exquisite paintings. Here, on a sofa, with a book in her hand, sat Mistress Anne, as she was termed, bedecked with more finery, in the way of silks and jewelry, than was in good taste. Her hair and eyes were very black, and the latter shrewd and piercing in expression. She was apparently about twenty years of age, and many would term her beautiful; but her features were too narrow and pointed, her lips too thin and compressed, and her skin too pale, save where art had bestowed a color, to come up to my standard of female beauty.

On our entrance she looked up, in surprise, threw down her book, rose from her seat, and advancing to us with a hasty step, exclaimed, in a quick, sharp, angry tone:

"What means this intrusion of strangers?"

"Ah, Mistress Anne," said the porter, coaxingly, "these are the pedlars I was speaking to you about."

"Well, did I not tell you the young lady would see no such strolling vagabonds?" she indignantly and scornfully rejoined, turning sharply upon our conductor, her eyes flashing fire.

"But they asked to see you, and I could hardly do less than grant them that happiness," replied the other, with a sort of covert irony.

"And did your master tell you to do this?" she demanded, almost fiercely, crossing her arms on her breast, and bestowing upon the [illegible] withering look.

"No, his lordship [illegible] did," returned the other.

"And think you, Pierre, politeness will save you from his lordship's anger?" she cried, with a contemptuous curl of her thin lips.

"But surely, Mistress Anne, you will not inform on me?" said Pierre, beginning to grow alarmed for the first time.

"Won't I, though?" she rejoined: "wait till he comes, and see."

"Ah, Mistress Anne, now surely I meant no harm," pleaded the other, turning pale.

"You meant no good, I'll be bound. This is not the first time you have been remiss in your duty; and come what will of it, his lordship shall know of it. What! force a couple of strolling vagabonds upon my privacy, without my leave! I am astonished at your audacity. Go! get you hence! and take these fellows with you—or you shall learn, and that quickly, what it is to brave my displeasure;" and she drew herself up with queenly haughtiness.

"Say what you will of us, fair lady," interposed Harley, in a bland tone—"but do not be too hard on Pierre, who is far less to blame than we."

"But he had no business to bring you here without my consent," said the indignant damsel, turning to my friend, and speaking in a modified tone.

"He may have done wrong in that, fair lady," replied Harley, in the same bland, respectful manner; "but we were so anxious to see you, that we hardly gave him a choice."

"Well, now that you do see me, pray state your business?" returned the other, in a tone greatly softened, showing that the flattering term of "fair lady," so cleverly introduced, was not without its effect upon one as vain as she was arrogant.

"I would prefer stating my business to you alone, fair damsel," rejoined Harley, glancing significantly at the porter.

"You may go, Pierre," she said, with a courtly waive of her white arm and hand.

"But, Mistress Anne, you will not tell his lordship?" returned Pierre, hesitating.

"No—in compliment to these gentlemen, I will overlook this offence," she answered, graciously. "There, go!"

Our Picture Gallery.

CATCHING WILD HORSES ON THE PRAIRIE.

To illustrate the manner of capturing the wild horses, called by the Spaniards *mustangs*, on the prairies of Texas, we insert the following description by one who has often engaged in the exciting chase, as well as an engraving of the scene:—

"The pursuer provides himself with a strong noosed cord, made of twisted strips of green hide, which, thus prepared, is called a lazo, the Spanish word for a band or bond. He mounts a fleet horse, and fastens one end of his lazo to the animal, coils it in his left hand, leaving the extending noose to flourish in the air over his head. Selecting his game, he gives it chase; and as soon as he approaches the animal he intends to seize, he takes the first opportunity to whirl the lazo over his head, and immediately checks his own charger. The noose instantly contracts around the neck of the fugitive mustang, and the creature is thrown violently down, sometimes unable to move, and generally for the moment deprived of breath. This violent method of arrest frequently injures the poor animal, and sometimes even kills him. If he escapes, however, with his life, he becomes of great service to his master, always remembering with great respect the rude instrument of his capture, and ever after yielding immediately whenever he feels the lazo upon his neck.

"Being thus secured, the lazoed horse is blindfolded; terrible lever, jaw-breaking bits are put into his mouth, and he is mounted by a rider armed with most barbarous spurs. If the animal runs, he is spurred on to the top of his speed, until [illegible] with exhaustion. Then he is [illegible] and spurred back again [illegible] to run back to the [illegible] he is credited with having bottom enough [illegible] horse; otherwise, he is turned [illegible] of little or no value. This process of breaking mustangs to the bridle is a brutal one, and the poor animals often carry the evidence of it as long as they live. After service during the day, they are hoppled by fastening their fore-legs together with a cord, and turned out to feed. To fasten them to one spot in the midst of a prairie, where neither tree, nor shrub, nor rock is to be found, is quite a problem. But that is accomplished by putting on a halter, tying a knot at the end, digging a hole about a foot deep in the earth, thrusting in the knot, and pressing the earth down around it. As the horse generally pulls nearly in a horizontal direction, he is unable to draw it out.

"When a number are caught, they are generally driven to market, where they are purchased [illegible] pled, then turned out and abandoned to [illegible] until needed. At some future time they will doubtless become a valuable article of export."

As the porter went out, Mistress Anne threw herself upon a sofa, with an air, saying:

"Seats, gentlemen."

"I see Pierre has left the door slightly ajar," said Harley; "and with your kind permission, ma'm'selle, I will close it."

"Certainly;" and Anne bowed a gracious acquiescence.

The key was in the lock; and by a dexterous movement, Harley shot the bolt and withdrew it, without being perceived by Anne.

She was a prisoner without knowing it.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISTRESS ANNE.

"The truth is," resumed Harley, seating himself near the damsel, "we have some very fine jewelry in our boxes, and learning from Pierre that there is a young and beautiful lady within the mansion, who is about to become the wife of his lordship, we felt a great desire to see her, and lay before her our fine assortment of gold and diamonds."

"And is this your business with me?" cried Anne, her pale features again flushing, and her black eyes flashing.

"Pray do not get angry, ma'm'selle; we are not the persons to forget what is due to one in your station," pursued Harley. "If we see the lady herself, it will be through the kindness of one who has no reason, perhaps, to be envious of her beauty; and for this kindness, we shall pray you to accept a slight token of our regard." While speaking, Harley opened his box, and selecting a gold ring of exquisite workmanship, and presenting it to Anne, continued: "Pray honor us by placing this on your beautiful finger."

Anne took the ring, and fixing her eyes on it, and turning it over and over, said, in pursuance of her thoughts as it were:

"And so that gossipping porter told you this lady, whom I condescend to wait upon, just to please my lord, is about to become his lordship's wife?"

"He either said or intimated as much, ma'm'selle—or, at all events, I inferred that from what he did say."

"Pierre is a fool!" cried Mistress Anne, indignantly, stamping her little foot upon the soft carpet. "A fool! a gossipping [illegible] this meddling with affairs that do not concern him, will cost him dear, or I know not Count D'Estang."

"But I beg you will not get him into trouble on our account," returned Harley, soothingly. "I assure you that what he said to us, will go no farther; and whether true or not, I can see no harm in his lordship's wishing to be wedded to a suitable personage."

"But I can," cried Anne, starting to her feet, and beginning to pace the room with hurried steps. "But I can see harm in it;" and her eyes displayed a glare of fierceness that denoted the workings of a dark, vindictive spirit. "Besides," she continued, "this girl is not a fit personage for his lordship; and by all the Powers that be, good or evil, he shall never wed her!" and the words rang out with a wild, startling vehemence.

"Who will prevent it?" ventured Harley.

"I will!" cried Anne, suddenly confronting my friend: "do you doubt it?"

"Why should I?" he answered, evasively. "But come—tell us more of your mistress."

"She is not my mistress—the proud, scornful upstart—nor shall she ever be."

"Then she is proud and scornful?"

"Ay; but I will humble her; she had better not put on too many airs with me."

"And does she fancy his lordship?"

"Who cares whether she does or not? what is that to you?"

"Oh, I merely asked the question, as our conversation led to it."

"Our conversation has led too far," returned Anne, coldly, the idea apparently striking her that she had been too communicative to utter strangers. "I should not have said so much," she pursued, "but I forgot myself."

"Well, since you have said so much, suppose you go on and give us the whole story," suggested Harley.

"Umph! that you may retail the gossip as you do your wares."

"No, upon my honor, if you will state the whole case to me, I will tell you how best you may rid yourself of this lady—since I see, from your remarks, that such is your desire."

"And who are you, that are so ready to interfere in other people's affairs?" said Anne, a slight shade of suspicion apparently crossing her mind, that we might be other than we seemed.

"Do you not see who we are?" returned Harley, pointing to our boxes.

"I see what you profess to be; but why do you take so much interest in this matter?"

"Could we do otherwise, after what you have said?"

"I see—I have said too much."

"But cannot unsay it now, ma'm'selle."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Anne, in some trepidation; "perhaps you are friends of his lordship!"

Harley saw he had gained an advantage over the girl, through her own suspicions and imprudent admissions, and he determined on making the most of it, by working on her fears.

"Well, whatever we are," he answered, "one thing is certain—you are in our power."

"Heavens! what have I done?" cried the damsel, sinking upon a seat, pale and trembling.

"I will tell you what you have done," returned Harley, sternly; "you have spoken words that, if reported to his lordship, may cost you dear."

"Do you know him?" gasped Anne.

"We do."

"Oh! mercy on me! then I am ruined!"

"That depends upon how you conduct yourself hereafter."

"Who are you?"

"Do you not see?"

"But you are not what you seem!"

"So much the worse for you."

"Oh! gracious Heaven! what shall I do?"

"First tell us all you know of this lady, and what treatment she has received at your hands."

"Do you know her, too?"

"I can answer best when I have heard the name."

"Oh, gentlemen, if you are really friends of his lordship, promise not to get me into trouble."

"I will only promise, that if you do not answer my questions, it shall be the worse for you. Come! give us this lady's name!"

"I only know her as Ma'm'selle Viola," replied the now really frightened damsel; "but oh! gentlemen—"

"Hush!" interrupted Harley, sternly—"and [illegible] answers! How came she here?"

"She was brought here by his lordship. But if you are sent by him, you knew this before."

"No matter what we know, but mind you give direct answers. Did she come here alone with Count D'Estang?"

"No, a gentleman came with her, that I have heard was her father."

"Where is he now?"

"I do not know."

"Nay, speak the truth!"

"Upon my soul, I do not know! I have not seen him since the morning after."

"Well, why is this lady kept within this tower, and not allowed to leave?"

"My lord so commanded—and who dare disobey him?"

"And you, I suppose, are her keeper?"

"I am forbidden to let her leave her apartment."

"And where is that?"

"Overhead."

"And does the Count really intend to marry her?"

"So he says."

"Well, has she consented to wed the Count?"

"No, and that is why she is confined—he has told her she shall only go forth as his bride."

"But you say she shall never wed him?"

"Ah! sir, I was only jesting; how could a poor girl like me oppose so powerful a gentleman as my lord?"

"Girl!" said Harley, sternly, fixing his keen eyes searchingly upon her—"you have been meditating harm to the lady!"

Anne shrank back, terrified.

"Oh! sir—"

"The truth!" interrupted Harley—"and nothing but the truth!"

"Oh! sir, how could you for a moment think that I—"

"The truth, I say!" stamped Harley. "I tell you, girl, you have meditated harm to her! —perhaps you have sought to poison her!"

Anne uttered a faint cry of terror, and covered her face with her hands.

"Confess the fact!" pursued Harley; "it will be better for you! I assure you!"

"I could not bear that she should wed the Count," sobbed Anne.

"And why? what is it to you whom she weds?"

"I care not whom *she* weds, so it is not my lord."

"And why do you object to him?"

"Because I love him!" cried Anne, hysterically.

"And so you have looked to become mistress of D'Estang Villa yourself, eh?"

"I have been mistress—I was mistress till she came," cried the other, with a passionate burst.

"And so you have aspired to be the wife of his lordship?"

"He promised me I should be," pursued the excited damsel, "and why has he broken his promise?"

"Come, come—softly, now—calm yourself."

"*Calm* myself!" echoed Anne, looking up with a strange, wild, peculiar expression; "yes, I will calm myself—*in the grave*."

"What mean you by those words?"

"Do you think I'll live disgraced, and out of favor with my lord? No! never! never!" she cried, with wild vehemence. "I have told so much, I will now tell all," she continued. "I *did* intend to kill this lady, if she consented to wed my lord, and then myself. My plan was well laid; and here (producing a small vial) I have a poison, as quick as lightning in its operations. Since I am detected through my own foolishness, I will not live disgraced and degraded both. Sir! Count D'Estang deceived me with false promises—but notwithstanding, I have ever loved him; and, strange as it may seem, I do so still. Tell him this, and say I died with his name upon my tongue, blessing him in my heart."

As she ceased speaking, she raised the vial to her lips; but with a cry of horror, Harley sprang forward, just in time to dash it to the ground. The next moment a dagger, hitherto concealed, was gleaming in her hand, and would instantly have been buried in her heart—for Harley's eyes had followed the vial, and were not observing her—had I not rushed forward and caught the uplifted arm. She struggled violently to free herself; but I succeeded in wrenching the weapon from her grasp, when she sank back hysterically upon the sofa.

"Calm yourself, lady," I said; "we will do you no harm: you mistake us, and our purpose."

She glared upon me fiercely, exclaiming:

"[illegible] triumph now; but I [illegible] find a way to put an end to myself before his lordship returns; you shall not drag me living [illegible]"

"You mistake us," we both said, in the same breath. "We are not spies upon you," I continued. "Our purpose here is to liberate this lady; and if you will assist us, his lordship shall know of nothing that has passed between us."

"Are you friends of Ma'm'selle Viola? and were you not sent here by his lordship?" she cried, eagerly.

"We are friends of Ma'm'selle Viola, and were not sent hither by his lordship," we both hastened to assure her.

"Oh, thanks!" she cried: "thanks! double thanks for this news, and the saving of my life!"

"Will you assist us to liberate Viola, ere his lordship returns?" inquired Harley.

"I will do what I can; but I fear it cannot be done," she answered.

"Will you follow our directions in everything?" pursued Harley.

"So they do not lead to exposing me to the Count, I will," she replied.

"Swear it!"

"As I hope for the favor of my lord, and one moment's happiness in this world or the next, I swear!" she said, solemnly.

"Enough! now tell us how many servants there are about the mansion."

"Ten here at present."

"I have seen only the porter—how is that?"

"They are probably out in the park, or in the rear buildings," she answered.

"Perhaps we have been overheard?" suggested Harley, a new thought striking him.

Anne cast her eyes hurriedly around the circular apartment, to the four narrow windows, which were placed in the four points of compass, and rejoined:

"No, fortunately, the windows are all closed—and the door being shut, nothing short of a scream could reach the ear of any without."

"'Tis well; then you only know our secret; and with your assistance, if uninterrupted, we may accomplish wonders in a very short time. Viola, you say, is above us?"

"Yes."

"Can she have heard any thing that has passed between us?"

"No," replied Anne; "for these apartments are so constructed, that sound will not pass from one to the other."

"And for what purpose was this tower built?" I inquired.

"That I do not know," answered the damsel; "it has an observatory on the top; and his lordship, who is a gentleman of science, often amuses himself there, at night, looking at the heavens."

"Is there any way to leave this tower save by the bridge?" inquired Harley.

"I believe there is one other way—but it is a secret only known to his lordship," replied the girl.

"That other way we must discover," said Harley, glancing round the apartment. "But first we must see Viola. Show us the way to her chamber, Anne!"

The damsel advanced to a large painting, that came down near the ground, touched a secret spring, when it swung slowly back, disclosing a kind of closet, with steep, narrow, winding stairs leading to the story above. Harley pressed my arm, made a significant gesture, and said aloud:

"On further reflection, you shall go first, Harry, and explain all to her—for should she recognize me suddenly, it might overcome her. I will remain here with this lady till you return."

I knew Harley less feared a recognition—for he was still disguised, in the manner previously described to the reader—than that the girl might change her mind, if left to herself, and manage some way to secure us in a trap; but I replied, carelessly:

"Ah, perhaps it would be better, for me she has never seen."

"When you reach the top stair," said Anne, who made no objection to this arrangement, "if you place your hand to the right, you will find an aperture just large enough for your fingers, and in there you will feel a spring—press that hard, and a door will open."

I ascended the narrow, winding stairs in twilight darkness, with singular feelings, as the reader will readily believe. I was about to behold the fair being that had so enraptured my friend, of whom I had heard so much, and whose singular history I knew was in itself a living romance. At length I stood upon the upper stair, in almost total darkness—for the only light here was what had struggled up through the half open door below. I placed my hand against the wall to the right, found the aperture, and in it the secret spring. I pressed hard against the spring, a portion of the wall seemed slowly to give way, a bright light shone in upon me, and taking a step or two forward, I stood in the upper chamber of the tower, and in the prison of Viola St. Auburn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Real and the Ideal.

A FINE ART DISREGARDED.

BY ELIZABETH WETHERELL, AUTHOR OF "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD."

"A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the Heaven espy."

I took a walk with my father last evening.—Now, the pleasure of this walk was so great, that I will even jot down some notes of its history.

It was just the pretty time of a Summer's day—the sun's "parting smile," when he has a mind to leave a pleasant impression behind him; the hot hours were past; the remnant of a sweet North wind, which had been blowing all day, just filled the sails of one or two sloops, and carried them lazily down the bay; and the sun, having taken up his old trade of a painter, colored their white canvass for the very spots it filled in the picture; the same witching pencil was upon a magnificent rose-bush at the foot of the lawn, tinging its flowers for fairy-land; and had laid little stripes of fairy light across the lately-mown grass; and, through a slight haze of the delicious atmosphere, the hills were mellowed to a painter's wish.

My father and I strolled down the walk, and took one or two turns almost in silence, tasting all this too keenly at first to say much about it. There were beauties near at hand, too. The rose-trees had shaken out all their luxuriance, and defied the eye to admire aught else. Yet, but for them, there was enough to be admired. The pure Campanulas looked modestly confident of attractions; little Gilias filled their place in the world passing well; the sweet double pinks gave us a most good-humored face as we went by; the tall white lily buds showed beautiful indications; and some rare geraniums, and my splendid English heart's-ease quietly disdained or declined competition. And in that evening light, even the flowers of humbler name and lower pretention, looked as if they cared not for it. Sprawling bachelor's-buttons, and stiff sweet-Williams, and pert chrysanthemums, were all pretty under the sun's blessing; I think none were overlooked.

"How much pleasure we take in at the eye," said my father.

"Where the eye has been opened," said I.

"Ay. How many people go through the world with their eyes tight shut;—not certainly to every [illegible] of practical utility, but shut to all beautiful ends."

"Oh, those practical eyes!—the eyes that have no vision but for the *useful*—what wearisome things they are!"

"It is but a moderate portion of the useful that they see," said my father;—"it was not an empty gratuity that things were made 'pleasant to the eye.'"

"But how the eye needs to be educated!" said I.

"Rather the mind, Carey," said my father. "Let the mind be educated to bring its faculty and taste into full play, and it will train its own spies fast enough."

"It was that I meant, papa,—that cultivation of taste;—I was thinking, before you spoke, what a blessing it is."

"Why, yes," said my father; "with that piece to bring down game, one is in less danger of mental starvation. But hush! here comes somebody that won't understand you."

And as he spoke, I saw the trim little figure of Mrs. Roberts, one of our neighbors, come in sight round a turn in the shrubbery.

"What a lovely evening, Mrs. Roberts," said I, as we met.

"Delicious!—such charming weather for the grass and the dairy, and everything. It was so fine, I told Mr. Roberts I would just run down and see your mamma for a minute; I wanted to ask her a question. I shall find her at home, shan't I?"

I satisfied Mrs. Roberts on that point, and my father and I turned to walk back to the house with her, thinking that our pleasure was over.

"The roses are in great beauty now," I remarked.

"Beautiful!—and what an immense quantity of them you have! I don't know what ails our roses, but we can't make them do, somehow. They seem to get a kind of blight when they're about half-open, and what are not blighted are full of bugs. What do you do with the bugs? I don't see that you have any."

I suggested the effectiveness of daily hand-picking.

"Oh, but bless me! It's so much trouble.—Mr. Roberts would never let the time be taken for it. How stout your grass is! It's a great deal stouter than ours. There's half as much again of it, I'm sure. And you're cutting it! We haven't begun to cut yet; Mr. Roberts thought he'd let it stand as long as he could, to give it a chance; but I'm sure it's time.—What do you do with all your roses?—make rose-water?"

I said no.

"I never saw such a quantity! I'll tell you what—if you'll send me a basket or two of 'em, *I'll* make some rose-water, and you shall have half of it. Oh, what beautiful heart's-ease! My dear Caroline, you must just give me one of those for my girls, for a pattern; you know they are making artificial flowers, and they want some of these for their bonnets. Really, they are quite equal to the French ones, I think, and—thank you!—that is superb. Now, my dear Caroline, one more—that one with so much yellow in it;—want a little variety, you know. They will be delighted. You know it is just the fashion."

"I did not, indeed, Mrs. Roberts."

"Didn't you? They wear little open bonnets of some light straw—rice is the prettiest, or some kind of open work—and here, at the side, just here, a bunch of heart's-ease, right against the side of the head;—it is very elegant."

"Caroline has bad taste," said my father, gravely; "she never wears heart's-ease in a bonnet."

"Oh, no, of course, not these,—she is too careful of them—but you know false heart's-ease, I mean. No, go on with your walk—you shall not come in—I am not going to stay a minute."

And my father and I quietly turned about and went down the walk again.

"False heart's-ease," said my father.

"What a different thing all this scene is to those eyes, and to ours, papa."

"Yes," said my father. "Poor woman!—she carries a portable kitchen and store-closet in her head, I believe, and everything she sees goes into the one or the other."

"Poor Mrs. Roberts!" said I, laughing; "now, that is the want of cultivation, papa."

"Not entirely, perhaps. There must be soil first to cultivate, Carey."

"Well, her want is the same. And how much is lost for that want!"

"Lost!—what is lost?" said another voice behind us; and turning, we welcomed another and a very different neighbor, in our old friend, Mr. Ricardo.

"What is lost?"

"Happiness," said I.

"For the want of what?"

"For the want of a cultivated taste."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Ricardo, letting go my hand. "*That* has nothing to do with happiness."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"[illegible] for you, but create imaginary wants, that you would do just as well without?"

"[illegible] quisite pleasure of gratifying them."

"Well, and what if you haven't? How are you the worse off? The want that is not known is not felt."

"But the range of pleasure is a very different thing without them," said I.

"And character is a very different thing," said my father.

"Character?" said Mr. Ricardo.

"Yes," said my father.

"I should like to hear you make that out."

"And so should I," said I. "I was arguing only for enjoyment—I did not venture so far as that."

"Well, enjoyment," said Mr. Ricardo.—"Do you think you have more enjoyment here now, than one of the plain sons of the soil, who would see nothing in roses but roses, and who would call 'Viola-tricolor' a 'Johnny-jump-up'?"

"In the first place learning is not taste; and in the second place, you do not mean what you say, Mr. Ricardo. You know what Dr. Johnson says of the quart pot and the pint pot—both may be equally full, but the one holds twice as much as the other."

"Ah, Dr. Johnson!" said Mr. Ricardo, with an odd little flourishing wave of his hand; "you delude yourself! The quart pot is twice as likely to be spilled. If you have some pleasures that other people haven't, you have pains of your own, too, that they are exempt from. Now, I suppose a little mal-adjustment of proportions—a little deviating from the exquisite line of correctness in men or things—would overturn your whole cup of enjoyment, while his or mine would stand as firm as ever."

"But perhaps a sip of mine would be worth his entire cupfull."

"Now," said Mr. Ricardo, not minding me, "I fell in with a family once—it was at the West, when I was travelling there. They were good, plain, sensible, excellent people, happy in each other, and contented with the rest of the world. They had everything within themselves, and lived in the greatest comfort, and harmony, and plenty. I was with them several days, and it occurred to me that people could not be happier than they were."

"But for your bringing them up as instances, I suppose their having 'everything within themselves' did not include the pleasures of a cultivated intelligence?"

"Well, I don't suppose they would have quoted Dr. Johnson to me. But, now, of what use to them would be all that extra cultivation?"

"Of what use to you," said my father, "is [illegible] in your library this Spring, that looks to the West?"

"Of very little use," said Mr. Ricardo, "for my wife sits in it all the time."

"Ah, Mr. Ricardo," said I, laughing.

"Well, now," said he, but his face gave way a little, "how are you any better off than those people?"

"I don't wish to make myself an example, sir; but put them down here this evening, and what would they see in all this that we have been enjoying?"

"They would see what you see, I suppose. They had reasonably good eyes—they were not microscopes or telescopes."

"Precisely," said my father. "They would see what mere ordinary vision could take in, *without* the quick discernment of finely trained sensibilities, and without the far-reaching and wide views of a mind rich in knowledge and associations. Where cultivated senses find a rare mingling of flavors, theirs would at best only perceive the difference of stronger or fainter—of more or less sweet."

"Senses literal or figurative, do you mean?"

"Both," said my father. "You rarely find the one cultivated without the other."

"You may find the other without the one," said Mr. Ricardo. "I knew a man once who had no aptness for anything but judging of wines, and he was curious at that. He did it mostly by the sense of smell, too. All the mind the man had seemed to reside in his nose."

"That is an instance of morbid development," said my father, smiling, "not in point."

"You would have thought it was in point, if you had seen him," said Mr. Ricardo, glancing at my father.

"But the pleasures of a cultivated taste, Mr. Ricardo," said I, "may be constantly enjoyed; and they are some of the purest, and most satisfying, and most unmixed that we have."

"And, I maintain, of the most useful," said my father.

"To the character," said Mr. Ricardo. "But I do not believe that, where they most prevail, are to be found in general the strongest minds or the most hopeful class of our population."

"My good sir," said my father, "do not confound things that have nothing to do with each other. That may be true, and it may be equally true of sundry other matters, such as correct pronunciation and the usages of polite society, Mocha coffee and the fine broadcloth—none of which, I hope, have any deleterious effect upon mind."

"Well, go on," said Mr. Ricardo, without looking at him, "let us hear how you make out your case."

"Learning to draw nice distinctions, to feel shades of difference, becoming alive to the perception and enjoyment of most fine and delicate influences, the mind acquires a *habit of being* which will discover itself in other matters than those of pure taste. This faculty of nice discrimination and quick feeling cannot be in high exercise in one department alone, without being applied more or less generally to other subjects. It will develope itself in the ordinary intercourse and relations of social and domestic life, and the *tendency* will be to the producing or perfecting of that nice sense of proprieties, that quick feeling of what is due to or from others, which we call tact."

"But tact cannot be given, papa," said I.

"And how is it useful if it could?" said Mr. Ricardo.

"Useful?" said my father, meditating—"why, sir, the want of it is a death-blow to I know not what proportion of the efforts that are made after usefulness. How many an appeal from the pulpit has been ruined, simply by bringing in a coarse or unhappy figure, which the speaker's want of cultivation did not allow him to appreciate! How many a word, intended for counsel or kindness, has fallen to the ground, because the kindly person did not know how to work out his intentions?"

"But, you cannot give tact, father," I repeated.

"No, Carey—that is true—tact cannot be *given*; it is the growth only of minds endowed with peculiarly fine sensibilities; but the mind trained to nice judging in one set of matters can exercise the same acumen upon others, so soon as its attention is fairly called out to them. Taste is a thing of particular growth and cultivation in each separate branch; but certainly the mind that has attained high excellence in one, is finally prepared to take lessons in another."

"There may be something in that," said Mr. Ricardo, as if he thought there wasn't much.

"But, beyond that," said my father, "the cultivation of taste opens truly a new world of enjoyment utterly closed to every one destitute of it. Nature's stores of beauty and wonder, the fine analogies of moral truth that lie hidden under them, the new setting forth of nature which is Art's beautiful work—how numberless, how measureless the sources of pleasure to the mind once quickened to see and taste them! Once quickened, it will not cease to rejoice in them, and more and more. And as the mind always assimilates itself to those ob[illegible] these sources of pleasure [illegible] that not only a refined but a purifying influence also is at work in all this; and the result should be, if nothing untoward counteract, that everything gross, everything *improper*, in the strict sense of the word, everything unseemly, unlovely, impure, becomes disgustful, and more and more. And whatever is the reverse of these meets with a juster appreciation, a keener relish, a truer love than could be felt for them by a mind not so cultivated. This refining and purifying effect will be seen in the whole character. It will make those solid qualities, which are, indeed of more worth in themselves, show with yet new lustre and tell with higher effect, and not the outward attire only, but the very inward graces of the mind will be worn with a more perfect adjustment."

"Hum—well," said Mr. Ricardo, about a minute after my father had done speaking, "you have made a pretty fair case of it."

My father smiled, and we all three paced up and down the walk in silence. I thought we had done with the subject.

"That's a beautiful sky!" said Mr. Ricardo, coming to a stand, with his face to the West.

"Look down yonder," said my father.

In the South-Western quarter lay a beautiful fleecy mass of cloud: the under edges touched with exquisite rose-color, sailing slowly down the sky—pushed by that same faint North wind. Just over it—sat a little star, shining at us with its unchanging ray.

"Would your Tennessee friends see enough there to hold their thoughts for half a minute?" said I, when we had looked as long; but Mr. Ricardo did not answer me.

"That painted cloud," said my father, "is like the pleasures of earth—catching the eye with fair hues; the star, like the better pleasures, that have their source above the earth. That light fills, indeed, it may be, a much smaller space in our eye, or our fancy, than the colors on the cloud; but mark—it is pure, bright, and undying, while the other is a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

I looked at the star, and I looked at my father, and my heart was full. I thought Mr. Ricardo had got enough, and I think he thought so too, for when we reached the far end of the walk, he left us, with a very hearty shake of the hand, indeed.

My father and I walked then, without talking any more, till glow after glow passed away and night set in. The little cloud had lost all its fair colors, and had drifted far down into the Southern sky, a soft rack of gray vapor, and the star was shining steadily and brightly as ever in the deepening blue.—*Iris.*

INTOLERANCE.—It will be remembered that the Mahommedans, in their dealings with men of other creeds, make a distinction between such as are believers in the sacred books, and such as have no recognized works. To the first category belong Christians of all denominations, as receiving the two testaments; and the Jews as followers of the old. With Christians and Jews, therefore, they may treat, make peace, and live; but with such as are included in the second class, the good Mussulman can have no intercourse. Nor treaty nor oath, when they are concerned, is binding. They have the choice between conversion and the sword, and it is unlawful even to take tribute from them. The Yezidis, not being looked on as "Masters of a Book," have been exposed for centuries to the persecution of the Mahommedans. The harems of the South of Turkey have been recruited from them. Yearly expeditions have been made by the Governors into their districts; and while the men and women were slaughtered without mercy, the children of both sexes were carried off and exposed for sale in the principal towns. These annual hunts were one of the sources of the revenue of Beder Khan Bey; and it was the custom of the Pashaws of Bagdad and Mosul to let loose the irregular troops upon the ill-fated Yezidis, as an easy matter of satisfying their demands for arrears of pay. This system was still practised to a certain extent within a few months of my visit, and gave rise to atrocities scarcely equalled in the better known slave-trade.

It was natural that the Yezidis should revenge themselves, whenever an opportunity might offer, upon their oppressors. They formed themselves into bands, and were long the terror of the country. No Mussulman that fell into their hands was spared. Caravans were plundered, and merchants murdered without mercy. Christians, however, were not molested, for they looked upon them as fellow-sufferers for religion's sake.—*Layard's Travels.*

Selected Sketch.

JAPAN.

[The greater portion of the following interesting article upon Japan, was taken from "Chambers's Papers for the People," by the "Home Gazette." The balance we found in an article in the "Boston Museum:"]

The Japanese group of islands, occupies, in many respects, the same position on the Eastern coast of Asia, that Great Britain and Ireland do on the Western coast of Europe.

"The empire of Japan is composed of three main islands with innumerable smaller ones, which, studding the sea along its coast, render navigation difficult, and in some measure, therefore, defend it from the sudden attacks of foreigners. Some protection also is derived from the rough and boisterous character of the sea itself, which vexed by storms and beset with sunken rocks and shallows, suggests the idea of extreme danger to mariners, especially since the period at which, by an inhospitable decree of the government, strangers from all parts of the world were forbidden to touch upon its shores. Its external aspect is bleak and forbidding. In some places precipitous cliffs rise frowning from the water to a great height; while elsewhere chains of mountains, seemingly smitten with external barrenness, suggest the idea of a hungry, desolate, and repulsive region.

"On a nearer approach it is discovered that whatever may be the qualities of the soil, the Japanese are not a people to abandon it to nature. With industry and pains incredible they cultivate the face of the most rugged seaward mountains, carrying up their fields and plantations terrace above terrace to their summits, and thus extorting subsistence from districts the least susceptible of improvement. Many attribute their persevering energy to the pressure of extreme poverty, which renders extreme toil necessary; but it is far more natural to believe that the Japanese are constitutionally energetic, and that to them, as to their neighbors, the Chinese, active employment is a sort of necessity."

The existence of the Japanese was first made known to Europe in the thirteenth century by the Venitian traveller Marco Polo. While Polo was in the service of Kublai Khan, Emperor of China, a powerful armament was fitted out against Japan by the Chinese, but the islanders repulsed the celestials with great bravery, and the expedition proved a failure.

Nothing more was heard of the Japanese for three centuries, when Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese navigator, was driven by a storm on one of the islands, and on his return brought intelligence of a character to awaken the liveliest interest in the minds of his countrymen.—Trade was immediately opened with the people, and the Romish Church sent out ecclesiastics to convert them. St. Francis Xavier, called by his church the Apostle of the Indies, arrived in Japan in the year 1547, and was received with great marks of favor by the native princes. The conversion of the people to Christianity is represented as having progressed with extraordinary rapidity. The mode in which the priest went to work to make the natives comprehend the new doctrine was singular enough:—"Having found, or formed, a few interpreters, they wrote their sermons in some European language, and having caused them to be translated into Japanese, and written out fairly in Roman characters, delivered them to the congregations, without themselves understanding a syllable of what they had read. The effect may be conjectured. Hearing their language pronounced as strangers usually pronounce a foreign tongue, the Japanese were convulsed with laughter at the good fathers, and often, perhaps, professed to accept their doctrines in order to console them for having laughed at their eloquence." Whether this were so or not, the success of the missionaries in proselyting was remarkable.

As Steinmetz says, "the hero of Macedon was Xavier's prototype in rapidity and instability of conquest; and, like Alexander, he bequeathed his nominal conquests to his followers, who would battle for the spoil, and strive, with equal determination, but more questionable means, to ratify his claims." The same author says—"There is no doubt that the Portuguese had an eye, a longing, a watery eye on Japan. As Xavier remarked, there were no *Mahometans* there to interfere with their conquests, without the chance of converting them into 'Christian' subjects of Portugal and slaves of her adventurers. Conquest would be less than easy, if the people could be first induced to adopt the religion of the wholesale plunderers of nations.—The plan, if not concocted by the Viceroy of India, was, we may be sure, gladly countenanced by the [illegible]. From Alfonzo de Sousa, the Viceroy whom Xavier praises so highly, to the one he left in India, there had been always the best understanding, the heartiest concurrence between 'the man of God' and the servants of the king. One of them, Don João de Castro, died in the arms of the missioner. The Jesuits found Japan a highly civilized country, much more so, we should judge from the accounts they have left us, than most—if not any—European countries of three hundred years ago.—'Beautiful and spacious roads,' we are told, '*vast numbers of hostelries for the wayfaring traveller*, a teeming population in prosperity were the first pleasant things remarked by the stranger, and then he discovered that in no country in the world was a people *better disciplined, more willing to work, more accustomed to labor, more inured to subordination*, than the people of Japan.'" Xavier himself wrote—"As far as my own experience has hitherto extended, *the pagan people of Japan excel all other nations lately discovered in virtue and probity.—They are exceedingly tractable, and very much averse to trickery.* * * * *If ever they swear, which is very seldom, they swear by the sun.—Many of them can write*, whereby they are more easily imbued in the rites of Christianity. *Each man is content with one wife.* They are naturally extremely inclined to all probity and friendliness; and being very desirous of learning, they most willingly listen to discourses concerning God, *particularly when they understand what is said.* I have never seen any people," he continues, "*either among barbarians or Christians, so averse to thieving*; some of them follow the opinions of certain ancient philosophers of theirs: some adore the sun, others the moon. Their conscience is regulated by the dictates of right nature and the probabilities of reason. I find the common people much less impure, and much more obedient to right reason, than their priests, who are called Bonzes." We have made these extracts for the purpose of showing how differently Christians were treated in Japan in the sixteenth century than they are in the nineteenth, and to convey some idea of the impression which the Japanese made on the first Christians who formed their acquaintance.

"Multitudes perpetually came over to the new creed, including several princes, and numbers of the most wealthy and influential nobles of the land; Jesuits and monks of all other orders poured into the country in a constantly expanding stream; native priests were multiplied; and these, with a zeal found frequently among new converts, spread themselves over the face of the country, animated by the most ardent desire to overthrow the temples of their forefathers, and give currency to the new faith. Buddhists and Sintoists, priests and bonzes, succumbed before their impetuous energy, until the Christians amounted to a million in number, and were found in every grade of society from the throne downwards. It was at one time believed that the emperor himself had deserted the ancient shrines of idolatry, and listened with approval to the doctrines of the new religion."

But, this state of things was not to continue. The ecclesiastics began to treat with a certain degree of contempt the laity and unconverted nobles. This aroused the indignation of the latter; as well as their fears lest their humble foreign teachers should in the end, become their masters.

"The anger and resentment of the old nobility were brought to a climax by an incident that occurred on the road of Yeddo. It is customary in Japan for princes, and governors of provinces, when departing for any distant portion of the empire, to leave behind them as hostages their wives and children in the metropolis. Ostensibly for the purpose of visiting them, though really in obedience of other maxims of policy, they are expected to make annual visits to the court; and on these occasions it is necessary for all persons of inferior rank, clergy or laity, natives or strangers, to descend from their palanquins in token of respect, or, if on foot, to show their reverence by certain forms of obeisance. One of these grandees returning from his distant government, was encountered by a Romish bishop, who, instead of conforming to the fashion of the country, ordered his bearers to pass by with disdainful indifference. Disgusted by this display of prelatical pride, the prince, who had numerous friends at court, laid a complaint before the emperor; and at the same time succeeded in alarming the aristocracy of the country, whose kindly feelings had been already alienated by the pompous insolence and cupidity of the foreign clergy."

A spark only was wanted to kill the fires of persecution, and this was soon furnished. A Spaniard, on his way from Mexico to the Phillippines, was induced to visit Japan. He was pointed out to a native officer, on a map, the extent of his master's dominions. "How is it that your king," inquired the Japanese, "has managed to possess himself of half the world?" "He commences by sending priests," replied the Spaniard, "who win over the people; and when this is done, the troops are despatched to join the native Christians, and the conquest is easy and complete." When this unguarded reply of the Castilian was reported to Taico, their emperor, he exclaimed—"What then! are my domains filled with traitors!" In the first outbreak of imperial vengeance, twenty-six priests suffered martyrdom. To repress, not to extirpate Christianity was in the beginning, the policy of the court.

"While things were in this situation, a new and unexpected event occurred to complicate the difficulties of Catholicism in Japan. The Dutch, who had long beheld with envy the golden harvest reaped by the Portuguese in the further East, determined, towards the close of the sixteenth century, to enter upon and dispute the field with them. Up till that moment the gains of the first discoverers would appear to have been so great as to be almost incredible. Japan abounds with precious metals; and the Portuguese, whose cupidity was at least equal to their superstition, swept, as it were, with a drag-net all the gold they could collect into their galleons, and transported it to Macao—the creation and emporium of the riches they acquired in Japan. One ship alone is said to have carried 500 tons' weight of gold from Japan to their new settlement in China.

"No wonder, therefore, that the Dutch, who have never been wanting in their respect for mammon, should have determined to dispute this rich prize with their rivals. About the year 1598, they fitted out an expedition consisting of several vessels, and sent it out by way of Magellan Straits and the Pacific towards the Utopia of their commercial and political ambition. On board of one of these ships was William Adams, of Gillingham, in Kent, who had been a master in the navy in the service of Queen Elizabeth, but had been allured by tempting offers to direct the enterprise of our phlegmatic neighbors. One vessel alone of this expedition reached Japan, on whose shores it was wrecked apparently about the year 1600, with William Adams on board."

This Adams became, afterwards of importance in the empire. He was a man of ingenuity and great mental resources, and obtained great favor with the Emperor, who would not suffer him to leave the islands. The Portuguese and Spaniards, in order to retain the advantageous trade of the country, had represented the English and Dutch as mere pirates, having no country of their own, and subsisting by plunder on the high seas. From this error Adams disabused the mind of the Emperor; and thus contributed to the causes of a final expulsion of the former. By the invitation of Adams, the Dutch made their appearance in Japan near the beginning of 1600; but their conduct not pleasing him, Adams addressed a letter to the English merchants in the East, entreating them to repair to Japan, and promising them a favorable reception by the Emperor. In 1612 an English vessel arrived for purposes of trade, and a factory was established at Firando, of which Captain Richard Cooks became the principal director, while the second place, only, apparently with a small salary, was given to William Adams.

"It may seem at first sight rather difficult to comprehend how a man who had been promoted to high honor among the nobles of the country, could consent to accept so humble a position. But when we consider the great object he had in view—namely, that of affecting his escape and returning to his wife and children at Gillingham—we at once discover a key to his proceedings. He evidently hoped to get so mixed up with the directors and concerns of the factory that he would by degrees be lost sight of by the court, which might likewise accustom itself to do without him, and in the end contrive to get on board some English vessel, and make his way home. This cherished project of his life Adams never was able to accomplish. Once he appeared, poor fellow, to be on the eve of complete success, for having been sent in command of a large ship to Siam, the probability presented itself of escaping from the crew. But they having received orders to bring him back alive or dead, and believing that if they suffered him to elude their vigilance, they might have to pay the penalty with their heads, or rather with their bowels, watched his movements far too closely to render it practicable for him to effect his purpose. In Japan, therefore, he lived, and in Japan he died, a sort of humble Ulysses, longing perpetually to behold the smoke ascending from his own hearth. [illegible] memorials we have left us of him interest us much in his fate, and it is greatly to be regretted that the idea did not occur to him of [illegible] world to obtain a complete account of his captivity."

The English do not seem to have derived much advantage from their trade with Japan, and after about ten years, abandoned it, leaving the Dutch and Portuguese in its exclusive enjoyment; but, the latter had so strongly excited the jealousy of the government, that the idea of banishing them entirely from the country, seems now to have been distinctly entertained.

"Few social phenomena recorded in the history of the world are more worthy to engross the attention of the philosopher than those exhibited during the next twenty years by society in Japan. A religion which had taken root, and numbered more than a million among its supporters, was extinguished by the civil power. Its professors were exterminated or forced back into Paganism. All proper intercourse with the rest of the world was abandoned by a large Empire; for the admission of a fixed number of foreigners, who consent for gain to live in close imprisonment in an artificial island, or in an entirely isolated quarter of a provincial city, can scarcely deserve to be called by such a name.

"It by no means enters into the plan of the present paper to describe these events in detail—partly because it would be impossible to compress such an account within limits so narrow, and partly because they are in many cases of a nature not to be described. Cruelty more ingenious was never exercised; ferocity more ruthless was never exhibited. Hundreds of thousands, whose minds and constitutions would not enable them to endure the pangs of martyrdom, apostatised at once; others yielded to the force of protracted torments; while many hundreds, perhaps thousands, set all forms of suffering at defiance, and perished courageously in the opinions they had embraced. The course adopted by the Jesuits in these troubles was very extraordinary; rather than deny their faith they exposed themselves to the most fearful persecution, and lay in cold and damp dungeons till they were nothing but a framework of bones covered with hard skins. Yet in many instances, when an opportunity for escape seemed to present itself, they stuck at no number or amount of falsehoods, when the question was, whether they did or did not belong to the monastic orders. With a strange casuistry scarcely intelligible to us, they show a nice distinction between denying their religion and denying their order. To do the latter, they regarded as venial or even praiseworthy; to do the former, as the most detestable apostacy. But that they were sincere notwithstanding in their general purpose, is proved by the readiness with which they hazarded or even laid down their lives to gain the great end they [illegible]. The Japanese Government put the monks to death till it grew almost weary of slaughter, imprisoned, pursued, and hunted them down till its resolution nearly gave way; but when there was a chance that toleration would spring up out of the very horrors of intolerance itself, the Christians, both European and native, seeing no hope of improvement in their condition, resolved to try the chances of war; rushed to arms, and entrenched themselves in the strong castle of Simbara. With the alacrity and fury of persecution the government immediately sent a strong force to operate against the insurgents; but not being skilled in the art of assailing strong places, they were compelled to solicit the aid of the Dutch, who, little suspecting what would be their ultimate reward, afforded it cheerfully. Expecting no mercy, the besieged Christians displayed the most inflexible courage; and it was not until their walls had been battered down by the Dutch artillery, and the streets of Simbara ran ankle-deep in blood, that they at length yielded, or rather succumbed to irresistible force. The scenes of massacre that ensued it would only sicken our readers to relate. It is sufficient to observe in one word, that Christianity was extinguished in the blood of its followers; that the Buddhists and Sintoists remain in the possession of the mind of the Japanese; and that it has thenceforward been found impracticable for a missionary of any kind to introduce himself into the Japanese Empire.

"The Dutch calculated that for the services they had rendered the government at Simabara, such commercial advantages would be granted them as would reconcile the proceedings to their consciences. Experience soon proved how grossly they had deceived themselves. While they remained comparatively free and flourishing at Firando, the Portuguese little by little lost all their power and influence, until at length they were shut up on the small artificial island of Desima, in the harbor of Nangasaki, where they were ridiculed and insulted by the Dutch. Nothing, however, is more certain than there is a Nemesis in human affairs which brings about the punishment of those who triumph over others in adversity.—The Portuguese having been completely expelled the empire, the Dutch were ordered to evacuate the new factories and all other buildings they had erected at Firando, to take possession of the prison formerly appropriated to the Portuguese. Reluctantly, and with deep humiliation those ruthless and unprincipled traders repaired to their new abode, where, exposed to the unmeasured contempt of the natives, and to the upbraidings of their own consciences, they have remained upwards of 200 years without having made the slightest advance towards emancipation."

This Dutch trade with Japan is confined to a single annual ship from Borneo, the value of whose cargo, is from three hundred to four hundred thousand dollars. The island Dezima, on which the trade is conducted, is a mere pier or break-water, 600 feet long by 240 broad. Its whole surface is covered with houses and warehouses, and it is connected with Nangasaki by a narrow causeway, terminating in a guard house at the end. The "commercial prisoners are eleven in number. European servants they have none; but are attended during the day by Japanese domestics, who enter the island at sunrise and quit it regularly at sunset."

The tedium of this imprisonment is occasionally relieved. They have solicited and obtained permission to make occasional excursions in the vicinity of Nangasaki. These excursions are thus described in the article from which we have so freely extracted.

"The way in which these rare relaxations are enjoyed is singularly characteristic and comic. When the despised captives desire to take a walk, they forward an intimation of the fact to the authorities, who, after due deliberation, consent to allow them this indulgence. It might, however, be thought derogatory to the imperial dignity if these foreign vagabonds were suffered to amuse themselves without restraint. Accordingly, it has been decreed that in their rural rambles they are always to be accompanied and watched by a host of natives, guards, interpreters, with a rabble of relatives and connections, whom the unlucky Dutchmen are condemned to entertain at their own expense; so that it becomes a more costly luxury to take a stroll than for us to enjoy a steam voyage to Constantinople.

"Still, as fresh air is a pleasant thing, and since every semblance of liberty is dear to prisoners, the Mynheers of Dezima cheerfully consent to be mulcted in order to enjoy a prospect of the country, to climb breezy hills, to recline in delicious valleys, to enter tea houses and tea gardens, and sip the fragrant beverage in the midst of a noisy multitude of natives, all enjoying themselves after their own way. Besides, in Japan, as every where else, "a great deal may be bought for fifty louis." Mammon makes an impression on interpreters and guards; so that it is not absolutely impossible for a member of the Dezima factory to taste occasionally a few moments of delightful solitude. The views from the mountains above Nangasaki are vast and varied—over shores, bays, promontories smiling with cultivation or clothed with woods; while the blue sea, which every where indents the coast, is studded with sails scudding hither and thither before the breeze.

"From an excursion amidst such scenery, the gentlemen of the factory return well pleased to their homes, and phlegmatically toil on in the pursuit of gain, till weariness or the accumulation of cash induces them once more to seek the solace of the breathing fields."

RESULTS OF THE MAINE LAW.—The following statements are made by Mayor Dow, of Portland, in his Message upon retiring from office:—

One year ago, Portland (Maine) contained from three to four hundred public grog-shops; now *not one*. In these grog-shops, some $3 each per day were expended, or $300,000 per annum, mainly by those least able to afford the outlay. The aggregate thus expended would buy at least five barrels of Flour and five cords of Wood each for every family in the city.

One year ago there were 112 persons in the Portland Almshouse; now but 90; and *seventy-five* of these are known to have been reduced to want by intemperance—of course, prior to the taking effect of the Maine Law. In the *two* months prior to the Law's going into operation, there were *nineteen* commitments in the city for serious crime; in the *ten* months which have *since* transpired, there were but *ten*. At the March term of the District Court, for 1851, there were *seventeen* indictments for stealing found; in March, 1852, there was but *one*. In the ten months closing with March, 1851, there were 279 commitments for Drunkenness, Larceny, [illegible] corresponding ten months ending with March, 1852, there were [illegible] than half the [illegible] preceding year;) and of these, *seventy-two* for selling liquor without license, leaving less than one-fourth the number of commitments, save for Rum-selling, in ten months, under as during the like period next before the law went into operation.

To the Watch-House, 431 persons were committed during the ten months prior to the enactment of the Law; during the like period since, there have been 180, or considerably less than *one-half* the former number.

When the Maine Law passed, Portland was meditating a new Almshouse (at a cost of $50,000) and a new Jail; but under the operation of that Law they are found unnecessary, the present buildings being ample for twice her present population, so long as the Maine Law shall be maintained, although some sly clandestine liquor-selling is still persevered in.

Clippings.

☞ Infanticide prevails to a fearful extent in some parts of China. Some parents spare only one out of four or five of their daughters. This inhuman practice prevails more generally among the poor, but is not confined to them, the rich not unfrequently committing the same crime. The civil law seems to take no notice of it. One reason assigned for this practice, is the expense of giving the daughters a respectable marriage outfit.

☞ PREDICTION FULFILLED.—Tristam Burgess, in one of his speeches in Congress, predicted the time when "the American eagle shall with one wing winnow the breezes of the Atlantic, and with the other hover over the quiet waters of the Pacific."

☞ The witty editor of the Carpet Bag, touches the marrow of intervention in this squib:—

"The Massachusetts Volunteer Militia—May their motto be, as it ever has been—eternal war, but no fighting."

☞ It seems that the counsellor at law, arrested in New Hampshire for stealing a note, was admitted to the Courts under the statute allowing any person "of good moral character" to practice, and that he had not studied for the profession. The Concord Patriot wonders what sort of a rascal he would have been, if he had been regularly educated.

☞ "Well, John, I am going East, what shall I tell your folks?" "Oh, nothing; only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

☞ The Duke of Wellington, it is said, will soon resign the command of the British Army, and be succeeded by the Duke of [illegible] [illegible] wishes to know with how small a capital a man can open a bank in this State. If he will let us know the price of crow-bars in his vicinity, we will let him know to a cent.

☞ Upon coming into the office the other day, we asked the "devil" his rule for punctuation. Said he, "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze, a colon; and when I want another chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph." We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable for their simplicity, from the public.

☞ A man advertises for a "competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds, that "it will be profitable to the *undertaker*." No doubt of it.

☞ Sir A. Blunt, an Englishman who travelled in Turkey in the beginning of the sixteenth century, says of coffee—"The Turks have another drink called *cauphe*, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace, and beat to powder of a sooty color, which they seethe and drink, in taste a little bitterish, but such as may be endured. It is thought to be the old *black broth* used so much by the Lacedemonians; it drieth ill humors in the stomach, and comforteth the brain."

☞ The Muscatine (Iowa) Journal tells of a couple of romantic looking females, who were, with their husbands, destined for Oregon. They were dressed in the Bloomer style, or rather in the Far West Bloomer style. This dress consists of a pair of pants made of cassinet, and loose sack coat, "all buttoned down before," with a standing collar, a pair of boots, gloves and a Kossuth hat, with a fox's tail stuck in it.

☞ Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover.

☞ A farmer who recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, gave as a reason, that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent in one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

EDITING A PAPER.

Says a contemporary:—

A great many persons, to their ruin, presume that because they have talents, genius, brains, they can edit a public journal with success.—There could not be a greater mistake. The power which leads to what the world calls success, lies in the scissors. Is not this the law of the world, that the man who sells oysters, gets rich faster than he who digs them from the mud?

The wisdom of the above is not very evident. The whole secret of the matter lies here: A person to succeed in editing a newspaper, must not have a "talent, genius, brains" for doing something else,—writing a book, for instance—but for *editing*. An author who has earned a high reputation for prose or verse, sits down to edit a newspaper, and thinks that of course *he* has nothing to do but sweep the whole country before him. To his amazement, he makes no sensation whatever, subscribers do not come in but fall off, and in the course of a year or two he throws up his paper, or is thrown up by it, and leaves the business with the conviction that a man of "talents, genius, brains"—like himself—cannot succeed in it. Silly fellow! it is his *want* of talent—the peculiar talent needed—that has caused his failure. His genius was not universal, but limited—it did not include the peculiar qualities required.

What are those qualities—without which no man can succeed as a newspaper editor? They are these: Literary Taste, Sound Judgment (including Tact,) and the Power of Condensation. No man who has not these is fit for the [illegible] If an editor [illegible] capable of writing a beautiful poem, or a volume of fiction or fact, so much the better—but Literary Taste, Sound Judgment, and the Power to Condense, he *must* have.

And that he has the first two of the above, will be best shown (if he is the editor of a *literary paper*,) by the use he makes of his scissors—even that he has the third, will be partly shown in the same way. As to his editorials, they are, we grant, of consequence; but, inasmuch as the selected matter of a paper devoted to literature, far outweighs the original in quantity, it is more important that he should succeed with his scissors than with his pen. His contributions may look very wonderful in his own eyes, but a large proportion of his readers will care no more for them than for those of "Tom, Dick and Harry"—that is, no more than they deserve. Of course, if he is a man of a bold and original way of thinking, his readers will learn it in the course of time, and give his opinions that weight and consideration which they have found them to merit. Such an editor, by his weekly communings with his readers, acquires at length a hold upon their regard, which leads them to view his course even when it conflicts with their own judgment, with a friendly, tolerant spirit. More, they become anxious to see in what light he views the various questions of the day as they arise; such, we mean, as he can properly touch. This adds to the interest with which they regard the paper, and the editor's lucubrations may thus grow to be a great source of its popularity. But, in a large proportion of cases, it is the exercise of Taste and Judgment, shown in the selected articles, and in the general management of the literary paper, that makes it popular. And it is for the want of these, that men of high reputation as authors so often fail as editors.

In the case of the political and especially the daily press, the selections are of less consequence. There, the editorials are of the first importance; and it will be found that those political editorials are the most effective and admired, which give evidence of the qualities we have referred to as so greatly needed in the literary paper, Taste, Sound Judgment, and the Power of Condensation.

THE NAVY.

The cause of the difficulty in getting good sailors to enlist in the navy, is said to be the low rate of wages—the navy only paying twelve dollars a month, while the merchant service pays from sixteen to eighteen. At the same price, the Navy would not have the preference with many seamen; for, though there is, we believe, less work (the number of hands being so much greater,) they are exposed to more doctoring, it being aggravated often [illegible] from mere boys.

[illegible] including of course the lazy ones, throng the navy, and render the task of governing our national vessels more difficult than it should of right be. Moreover, such a class of men are not worthy of being entrusted with the honor of our flag during war—a consideration which outweighs any pitiful considerations of mere economy, even if the present plan will not probably prove bad economy in the end, in the loss of some of our national vessels.

We heartily coincide therefore with those who advocate an increase of seamen's wages in the navy, from twelve to twenty dollars—which would give the Government the pick of American seamen, the best in the whole world. Such sailors, under a mild and wise naval code—which should insure a fair chance of preferment, the use of proper books, the substitution of coffee or money for the spirit ration, and respectful treatment generally, such as befits men in a Republic—would be easy to govern in peace, and defenders of their country in times of war, such as the world has never seen.

The proposed increase of wages would augment the aggregate pay of our seamen only from sixty to eighty thousand dollars a year.

LEGAL ESTIMATES.—It has recently been determined by three juries of this city, in three separate cases, that a man's thumb is worth six hundred dollars, a man's right hand two hundred dollars, and an old lady's right wrist (which was fractured,) seven hundred and fifty dollars. But, as Mr. Webster said in the great India Rubber case, quoting Lord Coke, it is "a great happiness, that of living always under the protection of the law, and in the gladsome light of jurisprudence."

And doubtless it is—for the lawyers; but for others it is "*fee-faw-fum*." The first step in the law always being *fee*, and all the others, including the justice, generally *faw-fum*."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—The proposition to borrow three millions of dollars, for the purpose of laying a second track, &c., was adopted by a nearly unanimous stock vote of the company.

VERY FAIR.

The "Lantern" contains a letter from the Emperor of Japan to President Fillmore, in answer to the epistle of the latter. We may remark here, that the official documents relative to Japan, recently published, are old affairs, and not the new instructions to Commodore Perry, which doubtless contain matter of a more stringent character—judging from the opposition of the Government to their being made public:—

LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

[TRANSLATED BY OUR POLYGLOT REPORTER.]

Jeddo, 700th Century, 4th moon.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS FRANK AND PERNICIOUS BARBARIAN:—

We have received thy written communication with also thine "own officer" Per-Ry, accompanied by sundry great guns and other explosive instruments, for all of which we are amazingly grateful. Benevolent Barbarian,—thankfully we acknowledge the amount of geographical knowledge, which thou, with characteristic generosity, hast gratuitously made us acquainted with, from which we are pleased to learn that thy country is so immense in extent, and so immeasurably rich in gold and all manner of preciousness, inasmuch as thou wilt assuredly be content with thy lot, and crave not after those of others.

Most Diffident Barbarian—Thou dost ask us to present unto thee one of our sea-ports, the which is done, upon the moment, feeling assured that in thy just consciousness, thou wilt bestow upon us one of thine own in return.

* * * * * * *

Inexplicable Barbarian—Thou dost assure us that thine envoy is "*not* a missionary," which is a cloud before the eyes of our thoughts, through which the sun of truth shines not. We have hitherto been led to believe that those people called Missionaries were the "messengers of peace and good will," thus then it seemeth to our poor wisdom, not readily discovering fact through the thick darkness of such great doubts, if he whom thou hast sent "by letter" is not a "messenger of peace," what then is he? Explain to our limited comprehension, Illustrious. Peacefulness is in the words of thy letter, and also on the lips of its enclosure, thine "own officer," but much store of gunpowder is in thy ships. Are we to receive thy persuasions gently from the lips of thine envoy, Big-wig Per-Ry, or are we to be thundered in our ears by thy argumentative cannon. We have no eyes, but some gas in thy next communication, we beseech thee, for thy servant is a bat.

Businesslike Barbarian—Thou dost enlighten our soul that we have in our possession sundry articles, goods and productions, which thou dost "want;" in the sincerity of our regret we wish that thou mayst get them. Thy breath is scarcely cool ere thou askest if we do not require matters of thee; unto the latter we reply yes, but there being a special edict in the Japanese moral code, against the sin of covetousness, we must be content in our necessities, in the beautiful language of the poet Hafiz, to "Grin and bear it."

Thine, as thou deservest of him,

SKI-RY!

Done at our palace at Jeddo, and a Vermillion Edict.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The majority of the professed communications from the spirit world are very trashy; but, occasionally, one comes to light that might almost be what it professes. Witness the following fragment of an alleged dialogue between Thomas Paine and William Penn. It is from a volume entitled—"The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others to the seventh circle in the spirit world; Rev. C. Hammond, medium." Mr. Hammond declares that he had "no will to write this volume, or exercised any other control than to let his hand be moved by an invisible influence. Indeed," he says, "I have found by actual experiment, that, in a great many instances, the spirit who controls my hand has succeeded in writing sentences contrary to my will, and while I was endeavoring, with all my volition, to write something else."

Taking it for granted that Mr. Hammond is sincere—and we find it not very difficult, in the light of history, to suppose this—we doubt very much whether he could report a probable conversation in the spirit land, between individuals of whose characters while in the body he was ignorant. Thomas Paine and William Penn were both men of strongly marked characters and very positive opinions. But to the conversation:—

Penn.—I am William Penn. I have watched thy course, Thomas, and I have sympathized in thy efforts to rid minds of superstition and priestly rule; but thou seest now that thy labor was not successful, because the wants of nature must be supplied. Hadst thou not attacked what the mind wants—[illegible] of the soul in a future [illegible] would have found more [illegible] sympathizers. Mind [illegible] satisfy its own wants. This is nature; and [illegible] didst fight against.

[illegible] were not malicious.

Penn.—No; thou wast not malicious, but then didst what thou wouldst not do again, as thou seest now. Thou wouldst not write against revelation, because thou seest that revelation is true to human wants, and is the bread of the soul. Many things thou hast truly said, but *what thou hast truly said will lose its power for good, because it is found in bad company.* I sought to make thee know wherein thou didst err; and, on one occasion, when thou hadst written a work on priestcraft, I verily thought I should succeed in my endeavors; but I saw thee take a book from thy library, which turned thy mind from the impression I gave thee.

Paine.—I see my error; but how could I see otherwise than I did, when in the body?

Penn.—Hadst thou, Thomas, studied opinions less and nature more, thou wouldst have seen that *nature never contradicts its own wants*. It does not deny itself. *What nature wants, nature provides.*

The argument in the above against Paine, is one of the strongest that could be used. We suppose, however, that it is not a new one.

THE LAST CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.—Among all the strange reasons for divorce, we never saw one urged that exceeded the following. We copy from a report of the proceedings of the Ripley Circuit Court, in the Versailles (Ind.) Whig:—

Josiah Squires, also, was divorced from his wife, Frederica Squires. The cause of divorce was, that the reconciliation was hopeless, and his wife had abandoned him from the fact, as she states, *he did not furnish her as much liquor as he agreed to*, and that they had been married *very nearly two years*, and he had only purchased her *one keg of beer*. We think husbands should live up to their contract, this being done, there would be but few divorces.

Mr. and Mrs. Squires must live in that part of the country, where a stranger once applied for a glass of whiskey, and was told by the mistress of the house that they had none to spare.—"Why," said the stranger, "look that!" pointing to a barrel which had been rolled in just before he came along, and which had, in fact, suggested the request. "Well," replied the careful mother, "what of that? What is one barrel of whiskey 'mong seven children, when the cow doesn't give a drop of milk!"

BISHOP DOANE AND KOSSUTH.—The statement that Kossuth dined with the Bishop, on the Sunday which he spent at Burlington, New Jersey, is indignantly denied. If the Bishop had given him a Sunday dinner, we see nothing very wicked in it. Both Kossuth and Bishop Doane probably eat their dinner on a Sunday, just the same as [illegible] what [illegible] do with [illegible] apart, they might surely do together. We are sorry to hear that this report "has given occasion for malicious comments upon the Bishop," esteeming as we do the whole thing a very trifling affair. If the Bishop has nothing worse to answer for than dining with Kossuth on a Sunday, he is a better man than any we know of.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—We perceive by the papers that an experiment with the Annihilator was recently made near Newark, "old varnish," "dry boards smeared with varnish," "varnish barrel staves," and other things which make a great flame with very little coal, being freely used. The experiment is said to have been successful, but such trials prove very little. When the flame of varnish and similar combustibles is out, the fire is out, but our houses generally are not built of varnish.

AN EARTHQUAKE.—Two shocks of an earthquake were felt on the 20th ult. at Raleigh, Washington, Baltimore, and other places in the adjacent region of country. In Raleigh, N. C., the shock lasted half a minute, and was quite severe—the doors and windows shaking violently.

The shock was also felt in this city, and even in New York. It may have some connection with the eruption in the Sandwich Islands.

COL. FLORENCE.—We have received a well executed lithograph of Col. Thomas B. Florence, the good-looking Congressional Representative from the First District of Pennsylvania. By an extract from a recent speech, appended to the engraving, we perceive that the Colonel says:—

"I am proud of *all* my constituency."

The Colonel seems to go the entire swine—tail and all."

☞ Bayard Taylor in one of his letters to the *Tribune* says, the Turkish type of America is *Yankee Doodle*. This sounds very much like Yankee Doodledom, but it is in reality the Turkish for "New World."

Probably it is the Turkish for Yankee Doodle. If so, it would not be so very strange.

☞ It is not every man who has the wit to advertise; and, in a few years, those who have not the wit, will be equally destitute of the money.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.—[illegible]

TERRIFIC ERUPTION.—[illegible]

☞ The coach drivers [illegible]

KOSSUTH IN BOSTON.—[illegible]

Our Correspondents

PROGRESS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY C. C. V.

[illegible]

AMERICA.

[illegible]

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., April 14, [illegible]

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

FRUIT WINE.

BY SIGMA.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Cards, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way-bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the novelist now in process of publication,

ODA: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

shall commence **R. T. S. Arthur's** original novel—written expressly for the Post—called

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After these our issue hereafter, we shall be listless if our readers are not again ready for one such by Mr. Southworth, entitled

THE CROSS OF REPENTANCE;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will seem in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. Perhaps the novelette mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare for the present.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—interspersed in a great degree of the obituary ANECDOTE that appear in the EMERALD magazines, together with the Cream of NEW WORK, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.—believing at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we do not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only from the north, but more to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate indeed as a first class paper can be maintained upon—We might, we grant, take our bonds matter—second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, unenterprising writers, who have manuscript nature, instead of enticing such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Blake, Mrs. Bennett, &c., &c., but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a sordid course. Our plan is to have a paper worthy of a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a paper is not always worth what it is retailed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 26th, petitions were presented in favor of the ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary, &c.

Mr. Borland gave notice, that on Wednesday, he would call up his resolution relative to the claim for commutation to the heirs of the late Major General Gaines.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, on Friday to be, the special order for the 3d of June.

The Deficiency Bill was then taken up—the pending question being on Mr. Borland's amendment, to appropriate $10,000 for the purchase of the Gaines' papers and public advertisements shall hereafter be published.

Messrs. Badger, Mangum and Bell spoke in opposition to the amendment, though approving of its general principle, and it was finally agreed to by a vote of 36.

Mr. Borland defended the amendment, but subsequently withdrew it, in order to offer a substitute to the amendment, increasing the compensation to the Clerks of the Courts.

Mr. Borland renewed the point of order raised by him yesterday, that this amendment was out of order, as it was not offered as an instance from the Departments.

The Chair decided that the amendment was in order, as it was limited to the fees of the Clerks of the Courts.

The Bill was then passed, and the Senate went into Executive Session, and soon after adjourned.

On the 27th, the Clerk held before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Navy in reply to a resolution calling for information relative to the allowances to naval officers, employed on duty and relative to the several kinds of coal used in the Navy.

Mr. Soulé read the report of the committee on private bills, recommending the establishment of a Government printing office.

The joint resolution then in House, approving and ratifying the proceedings of the Board of Commissioners of the City of Washington, in the sale of certain lots, was taken up and passed.

The Deficiency Bill was taken up, and Mr. Borland addressed the Senate in favor of the appropriation of $10,000 for the purchase of the Gaines papers.

Mr. Bell opposed the amendment, but subsequently withdrew it, in order to offer a substitute to the amendment, increasing the compensation to the Clerks of the Courts.

Mr. Borland renewed the point of order raised by him yesterday, that this amendment was out of order, as it was not offered as an estimate from the Departments.

The Chair decided that the amendment was in order, as it was limited to the fees of the Clerks of the Courts.

The Bill was then passed, and the Senate went into Executive Session, and soon after adjourned.

On the 27th, the Clerk held before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Navy in reply to a resolution calling for information relative to the allowances to naval officers employed on duty and relative to the several kinds of coal used in the Navy.

Mr. Soulé read the report of the committee on private bills, recommending the establishment of a Government printing office.

The joint resolution then in House, approving and ratifying the proceedings of the Board of Commissioners of the City of Washington, in the sale of certain lots, was taken up and passed.

The Deficiency Bill was taken up, and Mr. Borland addressed the Senate in favor of the appropriation of $10,000 for the purchase of the Gaines papers.

Mr. Soulé spoke in favor of the amendment, and he desired information on several points, to enable him to vote understandingly. He was desirous to know if these vessels could not, by a proper system of economy, be made to do more service. He desired an official examination of the various items constituting the expenses of the vessels, and a report thereupon, therefore I rose which he could act. He was opposed to the bond of passengers, the expenses of a steamer for a cruise of three years, for which the bond was required $35,000. He said the $70,000 put down at this average expenditure of $23,000 per year, could be expended, if proper economy was practised. He was, however, opposed to the reduction of the force, as there was no appropriation for the increase of the navy. He regarded the proposed allowances of $30,000 as excessive in the extreme.

Mr. James here put the force, when the subject was postponed, and the Senate went into Executive Session, and soon adjourned.

On the 28th, Mr. Gwin moved that the bill to create a Board of Commissioners to adjust the claims and the payment of claims against the United States, growing out of the war against Mexico, be taken up.

Mr. Gwin said—I will briefly state the reasons which induce me to call up this bill at this time. There are in this city the widows and children of Lieut. Col. C. F. Smead, late of this body, dated London, April 24th, in which he says he was on the eve of the 9 h inst., as he was stepping into a carriage, with his family, to visit a friend in the country, in company of four Rue Street officers, who were at a love entry, he was shot down by a ruffian, named Pierre Bon, a cobbler's Clerk, in whose behalf Lamartine, who is believed him to collect information, or have interceded with his friends. It was supposed at first that he was arrested on the act of unknown parties, for the cause of his assassination, but it has since been openly ascertained that he was arrested on fabrics of the most flimsy character, and was shot in prison during 1847. I have the honor to present the claim and beg for twenty-four hours, and requested to the more exclusive attention to the case, as I may be in be compelled to maintain an expensive lawsuit, employ solicitors and take depositions in order to the accuracy, delays and incidental expenses of the suit. I am sure that the heirs of Col. Smead will be the last to complain of the delay, if it be caused by many claims for large amounts beyond his ability to pay accruing, like pensions, during the period of personal liberty. I have reason to believe that his widow and children are in destitute circumstances, and I am induced to the legislation of sanctuary, and a refuge to be extended by American citizens resident in London, concurred with the Government of France in the escape to Col. Freemont, but disgraceful to our Government to the legislation of sanctuary, and a refuge the subject to the notice of Congress, and in doing so I have only to say that I am sure that if the facts had been published, and the circumstances of the case of those claims was thoroughly examined by the Committee there would be found in his report that the Case, was passed, providing for the creation of a Board to examine these claims, and appropriating $700,000 for their payment. The bill failed in the House, and

Selected Poetry.

LADIES' NAMES.

[We copy the following from a contemporary, but would not be held responsible, by any manner of means, for the sentiments it contains. We only set it down as a very quick thing to the department and character of the persons we have known to bear the names there. We may add, as an editor, that every lady's name looks pretty on our subscription book:]

There is a strange Alchemistry
Contained with countless graces,
As often in the ladies' names
As in the ladies' faces.
Some names are fit for mercy's ear,
Some only fit for youth;
Some passing sweet and musical,
Some horribly uncouth:
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,
Some only fit for cookery maids.

Ann is too plain and common,
And Hannah reeks but ill;
Yet Anne is comfortable,
And Joanna very still.

Ann is a name better still,
There is a grace in Charlotte,
In Edward a state,
An elegance in Isabella,
A languidness in Kate;
And Sarah is solemn and sour,
And Alice serious and sweet.

Matilda has a stately sound,
Fit for a sonnet's metre;
Sophia is affectation,
And Esther sage and staid;
Elizabeth's a common name,
Fit for a Queen to wear—
In cards, country, bar or hall,
A name beyond compare:
And Dora and Bessie follow well,
But Bessy is unbecoming.

Maria is too fat-eared,
And Amelia is too gruff,
Yet coupled with a pretty face,
In poetry name enough;
And Adelaide is fanciful,
And Laura is too fine,
And Emily is beautiful,
And Mary is divine:
Maud only suits a high-born dame,
And Fanny is a help-mame.

Rhine is not very pretty,
Jane is too bluer and bold,
And Martha somewhat sorrowful,
And Lucy proud and cold:
Amelia is but light and gay,
Fit only for a flirt,
And Caroline is vain and shy,
And Flora sweet and pert:
Louisa is too soft and small,
But Ellen gentle, clear, and musical.

And Harriet is cooking,
And Clara green and mild,
And Emma is affectionate,
And Janet sick and wild,
And Patience is equanimity,
And Grace is old and rare,
And Hannah warm and dutiful,
And Margaret fresh and fair:
And Faith and Hope and Charity,
Are Heavenly names for sisters three.

Rebecca for a Jewess,
Rose for a country lass,
And Agnes for a blinking lady,
Will suit exceeding well;
And Phebe for a midwife,
Joanna for a prude,
And Rachel for a gipsy wench,
Are all eminently good.
And Portia for a social soul chief,
And Susan for a valet's girl.

Romance of History.

FORTUNES OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

One day, I will not say how many years ago, for I intend to be very mysterious for a time with my readers—a young woman stepped from a steamboat which had just arrived at the fair and yard gals of the Samuel Chilless Line, the first and Company's steamer ever launched by occupying the pious original, "God encompasseth us."

The young woman seemed about the age of eighteen, and decently dressed, though not in the plainest rustic fashion of the times. She had a fresh and wholesome look, both of face and limb, and look giving indications of the ruddy health consequent upon access to sea and air in the country. After stepping from the gangway upon the driver immediately led into a court yard. the girl glanced a moment in the direction of the certainly whither to go, when the milestone of the city, and then turned to the wagon driver for her hesitation, and asked her to come and take root. The young woman sensibly obeyed the invitation, and, saying by the kindness of the driver lady, found herself by the trouble of a nicely vended gaiety, mouthful by refresh herself after a long and tedious journey.

"And so, my poor girl," said the landlady, after hearing, in return for her kindness, the whole particulars of the young woman's situation and prospects—"and so you have come all the way to seek service: and hast thou no friend but John Medge, the engineer?" Well, I'll see if I can give them but small help towards getting a place."

"In service, then, difficult to be had?" asked the young woman, sadly.

"Ah, good situations, at least, are hard to find. But you have a good heart, child," said the landlady, and a clear intelligence looked around with an air of pride and dignity: "then most what I have come to myself; I left the country a young thing like thee, with an little to look to. But 'I isn't every one be a London must look for such a place as you want, and is say case it must be wrought for. I shew-ed myself a good servant, before my poor old Jacob, bless his soul, made me mistress of the Goat and Compasses. So mind thee, girl—"

The landlady's speech might have gone on a long way; for she had now reached a point of her own history, but for the interruption occasioned by the existence of a gentleman, when the landlady had welcomed him to the house.

"Ah, dame," said the new comer, who was a stout, respectable looking person of middle age, "how sells the good ale? Scarcely a drop left in the cellar, I hope?"

"Enough to give your worship a draught after your long walk," and she rose to fulfil the genuine hospitality for which.

"I walked not," was the gentleman's reply, "but took a pair of oars, dame, down the river, from Greenwich to come to Chilless myself to see if them lackeys anything."

"Ah, sir," said the landlady, "and it is by that way of doing business that you have made such a power of the city says, for a poor man in the Browne's Corporation, if not in all London itself."

"Well, dame, the better for me if it be so," said the brewer with a smile; "but let us have the long ale: pretty thing for a man to talk of small pleasure as, marriage, by tasting with an."

The landlady was busying in proceeding a stoup of ale, knowing that her visitor never sat down to draught bottled to his own interests by consequences of the prosperity of foreign grain.

"Right, brother," said the brewer, when he had tasted it, "a good malt and hop, and that is giving both time and the one stone. Now, my good one," said he, filling one of the measures or glasses which had been brought from the stock, "with thou drink this to thy swellchester's health?"

The poor country girl to whom this was addressed declined the proffered civility, and with a blush, but the landlady exclaimed, "Come, silly wench, drink his worship's health; he is more likely to give you a service, I'll be pleased him, than John Hedge, the wagoner."

"This girl your relation, my wife?" continued the brewer, "to seek a place in town, that she may burden her family no more at home."

"Not my relation," exclaimed the dame; "why then, perhaps, it is well met with us.—Has she a character with her, or can you speak for her, dame?"

"She has never yet been from home, sir, but her boss is her character, and I'll speak for her, old lady; "I'll warrant she will be diligent and trusty."

"Upon thy prophecy, hostess, I will take her into my service; for but yesterday my brewer-keeper was complaining of the want of hands since this deplorably brought me more in the way of accident and fatality than I can tell."

Ere the wealthy brewer and deputy left the Goat and Compasses, arrangements were made for sending the young girl on his brewer's dray city on the following day. Proud of having given a proof of the generous hospitality and advantage of the circumstance, to deliver an immensely long harangue to the young woman on the duties and on the dangers to which youth is exposed in large cities. The girl heard her benefactress with meekness and respect, but a more minute observer than the good landlady might have seen in the eye and countenance of the girl a quiet firmness of expression, such as might have indicated the coming short of the lecture. However, the landlady's lecture had an end, and towards the evening of the day following her arrival at the Goat and Compasses, the youthful rustic found herself installed as an assistant in the dwelling of the rich brewer.

The fortunes of this girl it is our purpose to follow. The first change which took place in her condition was her removal from the servants' hall to the kitchen on the vacated post of housekeeper in the brewer's family. In this situation she was brought more than formerly in contact with her master, who found ample means of satisfying her propriety of conduct, as well as her skillful economy and management. By degrees he began to find her presence necessary to his happiness, and being a man of both limerals and independent mind, he at length offered her his hand. It was accepted, and she who but a few years before was a poor little half-starved barefooted, became the wife of one of the richest citizens of London.

Mr. Brewer was a Quaker, Aylesbury, for such was the name of the brewer, and his wife lived in happiness and comfort, respected by the men of good family and connexions, and consequently of higher breeding than his wife could boast, left on a visit to the city, and to which she the partner he had chosen. Her calm inborn strength, if not gifted with the external graces with an easiness quickness of perception, made her fill up admirably the important place to which such grace and credit at if she had been born to the station. And, as time ran on, the responsibility of Mr. Aylesbury's position received a gradual increase. He became an alderman, and subsequently sheriff of the city, and in consequence of the latter elevation, was knighted. Afterwards, and now part of the mystery proceeding to the subject of this narrative, the story must be broken in upon, as far as time is concerned or connected with the important place which the brewer held in the city called upon him the sudden and fearful illness of his Majesty the First, then enclines to conciliate the good will of the citizens, and the knight received the further honor of knighthood.

Lady Aylesbury in the first year of married life gave birth to a daughter, who proved to be an only child, and around whom as was natural, all the hopes and wishes of the parents entwined themselves. Her daughter had only reached the age of seventeen when her father died leaving an immense fortune behind him. It was first thought the widow and her daughter would become the inheritors of this wealthy man's wealth of a dispute. But it proved otherwise. Certain relatives of the deceased brewer set up a plea upon the foundation of a will made in the time before the deceased became married. With her wonted firmness, Lady Aylesbury immediately took steps for the vindication of her own and her daughter's rights, in which proceedings she had been a frequent guest at her husband's table, and of whose ability she had formed a high opinion, she had found an able and expert asserter of her cause. Edward Hyde was indeed a youth of great ability, though only twenty-four years of age at the period referred to, and though he had spent much of his youthful time in the society of the wits of the Restoration of the day, he had not neglected the pursuits to which his father's wish as a related him to go on had devoted him. But it was with considerable hesitation, and after many of anxious doubts that he consented to undertake the charge of Lady Aylesbury's cause, for certain strong though unseen and unacknowledged impediments lay in the work in his bosom, to make him fearful of the responsibility which he was about to assume.

The young lawyer, however, became counsel for the brewer's widow and daughter, and by a striking eloquence, and display of legal skill, and legal ability, gained the suit. Two days after the successful issue of the cause had been decided—

Lady Aylesbury's usual manner was quiet and composed, but she now spoke warmly of her gratitude to the preserver of her daughter from wrack, and to the champion of her cause, in munificent hinted for the occasion. The young barrister did not seek at once during Lady Aylesbury's expression of her feelings. He shifted upon his chair, changed color, looked as Miss Aylesbury, playing with the grass which lay, tried to speak, but stopped short, and seemed to struggle with himself, and at length, in a hurried, but subdued tone, said—

**"Dear Miss Aylesbury, I am not a mercenary man, and though I am not ashamed to receive the reward of my labors, I am not ashamed to say that I have undertaken your cause from motives which were dearer to me than gold. Your father, madam, was my friend, and